

# Haikyuu! Oikawa Tooru x Reader: Game On!

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Summary: "Oh, are you scared that you'll lose?" Oikawa said, smirking. You inwardly cursed. This guy really knew how to get on your nerves. "What are you talking about?" You retorted. "There's no way that I'm going to lose to you, especially in such a crappy game. Bring it on." "Then you accept!" Oikawa grinned. "Then we'll be dating until Valentine's day! I look forward to it!"

## Haikyuu! Oikawa Tooru x Reader: Game On!

\*\*Hello everyone~! Long time no see~ I hope that you guys enjoy the little one shot I wrote~ It's not that good, but I put quite a bit of effort into it, so I hope you guys will like it xD I may write an epilogue depending on the responses. This is Oikawa Tooru x Reader- Don't like don't read.\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own any of the characters.\*\*

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><p>You sat in your seat, twirling a strand of (hair colored) locks around your finger. Early mornings were the best. No one was there to disturb you, and you could be alone with your thoughts.</p>

The past couple of days have been hectic. Valentine's day was approaching, and girls have been trying extremely hard to catch the attention of a certain brunette, who just had to happen to sit behind you. Every break, you would have girls crowd around, pushing their way through the classroom doors, professing their love for Oikawa Tooru, the heartthrob of AobaJousai.

You let out a sigh, and got up as you heard footsteps sounding in the corridor. You wondered who could have decided to disturb your peaceful morning. The classroom door then slammed open, and in stepped the famous setter.

"(Last name)-chan~!" He called out, his eyes lighting up when he saw

you. "Hey, did you know? Valentine's day is coming up!"

You rolled your eyes. "As if that wasn't obvious, with the increasingly abnormal amount of girls in the classroom," you mutter under your breath. Unfortunately, he heard you.

"Aww, (last name)-chan, are you jealous by any chance? You must have fallen for my charm, right?" Oikawa grinned and sat down at his desk.

"Jealous? Yeah, like that could ever happen," you scoffed. "Those girls just give me less space to breathe. They make it necessary for me to get the hell out of the room when I could stay inside for my lunch. And I would be the last person in the world who could possibly fall for you, Oikawa."

"Hmm, is that so?" Oikawa smiled mischievously. "(Last name)-chan, let's play a game!" He said.

"Oh? What stupid idea might this be?" you inquired.

"The rules are simple. You have to date me for a week, and if I make you fall in love with me, I win~!" Oikawa said, jumping up in excitement. "I'm so genius, aren't I?"

"W-whaâ€"" You stuttered, a blush forming on your cheeks. "What kind of idiotic game is that? There is no way I'm going to play!"

"Oh, are you scared that you'll lose?" Oikawa said, smirking. You inwardly cursed. This guy really knew how to get on your nerves.

"What are you talking about?" You retorted. "There's no way that I'm going to lose to you, especially in such a crappy game. Bring it on."

"Then you accept!" Oikawa grinned. "Then we'll be dating until Valentine's day! I look forward to it, (Last name)-chan~!"

With that, he leapt out of the classroom, leaving you to contemplate the mess that you have just gotten yourself into.

\* \* \*

><p>(Eye color) orbs darted around nervously as you stopped outside of a certain gym. "I can't believe this..." You mutter as you looked at the lunchbox in your hands. You remember what Oikawa had said to you after school the day before.</p>

-Flashback-

\_ "Since you're going to be my girlfriend for this week, you have to bring me a bento everyday, got it?" Oikawa said, just before he exited the classroom after school. You immediately swiveled your head around to yell at him for saying such a thing in front of the class, but instead was met by the eyes of millions of raging fans. \_

\_ "Oh god.." You gulped as the girls immediately began bombarding you with questions. "This is going to be a long week..."\_

-End of Flashback-

Taking a deep breath, you step into the gym. "Hey, stupid Oikawa, I brought you your lunch."

Oikawa immediately turned around to face you. "(Last Name)-chan! You came!" He dashed over, and accepted the lunch box you held out to him. "Can I eat it right now?"

Despite your annoyance with him, you couldn't help but laugh at his childish behavior. "What do you think? It's lunchtime," you reply. Oikawa cheered triumphantly and sat down on the bleachers and opened his lunch-

-only to be rendered speechless by what was inside. You smirked at him. "What's wrong? Eat up, Oikawa."

Inside the bento box was an extremely girly lunch, with hearts strewn everywhere. The words "Trashykawa" were written across the top with seaweed. Iwaizumi came over, and burst out laughing after taking one look at the bento.

"Well, that's all, Oikawa. Enjoy your lunch~!" You winked and left the gym, with a triumphant smirk plastered across your face, leaving a dumbfounded Oikawa sitting on the bench.

\* \* \*

><p>Art class was not your forte. You sat at the stool, attempting to draw a bunch of shapes that was supposed to become an abstract artwork. What was the point? Shapes all jumbled together looks nothing like an art piece anyways, so why draw things this way?<p>

Oikawa peered over your shoulder to see your notebook. "That's so good, (Last Name)-chan! What are you drawing?" He whispered.

"I have absolutely no clue," was your answer. Oikawa ignored this and proceeded to talk to you. "Guess what, (Last Name)-chan? For my artwork, I drew \*\*you\*\*!"

You immediately flushed at his words, turning around so that he couldn't see your red face. "S-shut up, Oikawa. Don't say weird things!"

"Oh? Are you blushing, (Last name)-chan? How cute~!" Oikawa teased, trying to get a glimpse of your face.

You turned around and faced him, looking up at him with a flushed face. "So what if I am?" You say. At this, Oikawa turned bright red and hid behind his canvas. "T-That was sneaky, (Last Name)-chan..." He mumbled as he resumes his work. The two of you sit through the rest of the class in silence.

\* \* \*

><p>"Hey, (First Name)-chan, let's go home together!" Oikawa chirped, jumping up and down as he waited for you outside of the classroom door. You looked up at him. "Since when were we on first name basis?" You asked.<p>

"Well, we're dating now, so it's only normal to call ourselves by our given names, right? Come on! You should call me Tooru! Say it, (First Name)-chan!"

"No way," you harshly rejected the proposal, and walked out the door at a fast pace.

"Aww, come on, (First Name)-chan~! There's nothing to be shy about! Just do it one time. One time is enough. Please?" Oikawa begged.

You sigh. "Fine. Just once, got it?"

"Yay~!" Oikawa jumped up and down triumphantly. "Say it already, (First Name)-chan!"

"T-" You stutter, before your face turns bright red. Since when was it this hard to say someone's first name? "Too...ru..."

"Eh?" Oikawa leaned in. "I didn't hear you. Say it one more time?"

You looked up at him. "Too...ru..." you mumble, your face turning, if possible, even redder.

"Uwaa~! (First Name)-chan is so cute~!" Oikawa grabbed your hand. "Let's go home together now!" Oikawa then dragged you out of the door, his fingers intertwined with yours.

\* \* \*

><p>"Who does she think she is, acting all high and mighty like that?"</p>

"I bet Oikawa is only going out with her out of pity."

"What a slut. I hope she drowns herself and dies."

You sigh. Ever since Oikawa said that you were going out with him, you have been the constant victim of rumors and bullies. The reason you avoided love in general was to prevent yourself from being harmed by such people. Nonetheless, it was too late to complain now. You were already lucky that the bullying had not gotten too intense-yet.

Upon entering the classroom, the class's blackboard eraser fell off of the door and onto your head, covering you with a thin layer of chalk dust. The class erupted into laughter, and you flushed heavily, before picking up the fallen eraser and dusting yourself off. Placing the eraser back at the white board, one of the girls in the front row proceeded to trip you. As the classroom filled with laughter once again, you pulled yourself off of the floor.

The door pulled open, and Oikawa stepped into the classroom. Immediately, all giggles ceased, and the girls flocked to him, showering him with cookies and chocolates. Oikawa noticed your hair covered with chalk dust, and raised an eyebrow. You promptly turned away and sat down at your desk.

You knew it wasn't his fault that the girls were acting this way, but

you couldn't help but feel a twinge of anger towards him. Throughout the rest of the day, your desk was lugged out into the hallway, a bucket of water was dumped over you in the washroom, and your book bag was thrown out from the third story window.

As you dashed down the staircase to retrieve your book bag, you bumped into Oikawa, who was holding your damaged backpack in his hand. His eyes were narrow slits of anger, and he eyed your soaked clothing and scraped knees.

"Are you okay, (First Name)-chan?" He asked, handing you your book bag.

"Yes," you answered shortly. "I'm fine."

"Well, if you need any help, you can rely on me, you know," He muttered, before patting you on the head and proceeding up the stairs.

As you walked to your next class, you stopped by the door and looked at the eraser placed precariously on top of it. You heard the chatter of the class on the other side of the door, and decided to just get it over with. You reached out to open the door, but was stopped as a larger hand covered your own.

The door was then slammed open. You watched with eyes opened with surprise as Oikawa Tooru was covered from head to toe with chalk dust. The inside of the classroom became eerily silent.

"Whoever dares bully (First Name)-chan," he said, "will answer to me. So you better cut the hell out."

At this, the class shifted uncomfortably. "But she forced you to date her-" A girl began.

"Do you think you have a say in this?" Oikawa demanded. His eyes were dead serious, and upon eye contact, the girl shut up immediately. "I can date whomever I choose to, and I would never date someone who bullies others. Those kind of people," he turned around to exit the classroom, "are absolutely despicable." Oikawa then grabbed my hand and left the classroom to burst into chaos.

\* \* \*

><p>I stood by the fountain, watching the time on my watch tick by. Oikawa asked me to go on a date with him, and now my family is in ruins. During dinner, I carelessly let slip that I was going on a date on Sunday, and my mother became extremely excited, while my father burst into tears. My older brother held his poker face until after dinner, when he whispered to me, "Don't do anything naughty, (First Name)." I practically broke his arm after those words left his mouth.</p>

"Sorry I'm late, (First Name)-chan." Oikawa's voice sounded behind me. 'How cliche', I thought as I turned around.

"The girls wouldn't leave me alone..." Oikawa mumbled. Many fangirls had plastered themselves over Oikawa and were shooting death glares at me. I sigh and pick up my bag. "Let's go," I mutter, walking in the direction of the water park.

I rarely went to any theme parks, especially any that had to do with water. But because it was just once in a while, I thought it would be okay. But the thought of having to expose so much skin made me shiver. Originally, I had a plain one piece picked out, but my mom found out and switched it with some black two piece swimsuit while I wasn't looking. So now, I am stuck waiting for Oikawa to finish changing in this completely embarrassing attire.

I was aware of the gazes of many other men, 'checking me out' without any restraint, making me flush. "Come on, Oikawa," I mumbled. I did not want to be left alone or else—

><em>

"Hey, you want to hang out with us, missy?" A couple of guys approached me with creepy smiles on their faces.

-or else I'll get hit on by some random guys I don't know.

"Ahaha, no thanks," I said, smiling nervously. "I'm waiting for my boyfriend you see—"

"What kind of boyfriend makes their girlfriend wait?" one of the boys said. "Ditch him and come hang out with us."

"No, it's really okay," I said, trying to avoid making eye contact.

"You had better come with us while we're asking nicely, or else who knows what will happen—"

But the rest of the man's sentence was cut off by a punch from none other than Oikawa Tooru.

"Leave my girlfriend alone," He growled. The boys grimaced and stalked off, clicking their tongues. Oikawa then turned to me, worried.

"Are you okay, (First Name)-chan?" He asked, his eyes clouded over.  
"They didn't do anything weird to you, did they?"

"I'm fine." I reply. "Thanks. For saving me I mean. Even though I could have handled it myself..."

Oikawa smiled. "Seems like you're fine. Then lets go have some fun—"

Then, Oikawa's face turned bright red and he crouched down. I leaned over, concerned. "What's wrong, Oikawa?"

"Y-you're so sly, (First name)-chan. You didn't tell me you'd be wearing that..." He mumbled.

Upon realizing what he was saying, I flushed heavily. "S-sorry. My mom made me..."

Oikawa then threw a T-shirt at me. I looked up, confused.

"So that other guys won't look at you too much," He said, clearly embarrassed. I couldn't help but smile at his act.

"Thanks, Tooru." I then put on the T-shirt, and ran on ahead.

"W-wait, (first name)-chan, did you just call me-"

I turned around and flashed him a smile before grabbing his hand and pulling with me towards the water park.

\* \* \*

><p>Today was the last day that Oikawa and I were supposed to go out. In other words, it was Valentine's day. The end of the chaos that has settled on my life. I couldn't tell if I was happy or upset. It was a weird feeling, somewhere in between. While Oikawa Tooru could be both annoying and obnoxious, I found him fun to hang around, and someone who I could open up to.</p>

I watched as the sun set and cast a glow across the classroom. The door then slid open. I heard a pair of footsteps approach me.

"(First name)-chan."

I sighed and turned around. "Well? What do you want me to say, Tooru?"

Oikawa's face remained expressionless as he asked me-

"Did I win the game?"

I smirked.

"You were the winner the moment the game started."

End  
file.